

Applied for Divorce.

Mrs. B. Augusta Johnson has applied for the second time to the Court of Chancery to secure a separation from her husband, George A. Johnson of Glen Ridge, on the ground of extreme cruelty, which she claims has rendered her married life intolerable and forced her to leave her home. She also asks that her husband be compelled to make suitable provision for her support, saying that he is possessed of ample means to do so.

The Johnsons were married in Worcester, Mass., in 1889, and have been residents of Glen Ridge for about four years. The bill recites that they lived together until 1903, when, after enduring her husband's cruelty as long as she was able, Mrs. Johnson says, she left home and began her first proceedings to secure a separation. These were abandoned at the instance of the husband and upon his promise to reform and treat his wife more kindly. This, it is said, he did for about a month.

The last separation occurred less than a month ago, when, Mrs. Johnson declares, she was driven from her home and told never to return. Through her lawyer, Harry V. Osborne of Newark, she filed her present bill, which contains a long recital of family differences. One incident mentioned occurred in June, 1903, when, it is alleged, Johnson came home intoxicated and threatened to shoot his entire family, being only prevented from doing so by his son forcibly holding him while others took his revolver and put it beyond his control.

Mrs. Johnson says her husband is the owner of two houses in Glen Ridge from which he receives a monthly rental of \$120, and that he is also in frequent receipt of money from the estate of Jacob C. Johnson, in which he holds a thirteenth interest. The estate, it is said, is about to dispose of property in Arlington worth about \$100,000, from which Mr. Johnson will receive his proportionate share. Mrs. Johnson says the house in which her husband lives at 252 Ridgewood avenue, Glen Ridge, stands in her name, having been given to her by her husband. She adds that she is now without any means of support whatever. The Johnsons have two children, Frederick, who lives in Newark, and Ethel, who is now with her mother.

Empire Theatre.

An engagement of great importance is announced for the week beginning May 8 at the Empire, Newark, when Nanette Comstock will make her first appearance in that city as a star in Winston Churchill's successful play, "The Ordeal." The play is not new to that city; in fact, it has been seen there several times, for the drama is now in its fourth year of success, but it is the first time the play will be seen at popular prices. Miss Comstock has for several years been considered the best of American leading women and her selection by James K. Hackett, under whose management she appears, is in direct line with her talents. Miss Comstock has all the qualifications of a star, she is a brilliant actress, a woman of rare beauty, and her wide experience readily places her in the very front rank of American players. Miss Comstock will be supported by a splendid company and provided with a new and very beautiful scenic production of this famous play.

Unusual Millinery.

"The millinery department affords me a never-ending series of pleasant surprises," said a woman in L. S. Plant & Co.'s store, in Newark, the other day, to a friend. "No matter how often I come or at what time of the year, there is always a wealth of distinctly new ideas." In those few words she outlined the aims of the Bee Hive—How successfully they are carried out, the fame of this store's millinery department is proof. Women who make a study of the styles look to it as an authority—its patrons know what they get there is right. On what original lines this branch of L. S. Plant & Co.'s business is conducted the last few days will illustrate. Most stores consider Easter the climax of the season and rest on their oars after that so far as the production of new models is concerned, but the Bee Hive puts forth a never lessening stream of new models—styles that represent the latest thoughts of the foremost American and European designers, as well as those of this store's experts. The display is now teeming with new things in street and dress hats and special creations for seashore, mountain and country. The show is an aid to correct attire, and every woman who can possibly come should see it.

Patents Issued.

Patents issued to Jerseymen and reported for the CITIZEN by Drake & Co., Solicitors of Patents, corner Broad and Market streets, Newark, N. J.:
Bail making machine (two patents), O. S. Beyer, East Rutherford; sewing cabinet, B. Brown, Plainfield; lifting device, G. W. Coleman, Westfield; milk can, J. Conover, Jersey City; atomizer, H. C. Deeks, Paterson; chemical engine, W. B. Donnell, Orange; cushion stop for hinged parts of typewriters, G. W. Donnell, East Orange; work clamp for sewing machines, G. S. Gatchell, Elizabeth; reducing metals from their solutions, C. B. Jacobs, East Orange; driving gear for automobiles, A. F. Madden, Newark; apparatus for melting tar and heating gravel, P. March, Newark; steam heating system, A. McConagie, East Orange; tuning phonograph cylinders, W. H. Miller, Orange; brake shoe (three patents), F. W. Sargent, Mahwah; casting apparatus, E. A. Uehling, Passaic; radial truck, B. Wells, Paterson.

The Gospel of Peace.

Cheerless as the night was, its darkness brought no deeper gloom than that in the heart of Jim Travers, as, groping in the darkness and rain, soaked to the skin, and reeling with weakness, he made his way slowly to the dock. He shuddered as he heard the swirl and gurgling of the swift tide under his feet, for he was very near its dark waters now. Suddenly he tripped over a rope which was swung loosely across his path in the darkness, and falling heavily forward he struck his head against a projecting beam, and lay unconscious.

It was nearly ten years before that a young lad was approaching Haverport by one of the broad highways leading into the city. He was very tired and limped from fatigue, for he had been walking since daybreak. As he wearily mounted a rise in the road he caught a view of the spires and chimneys of the distant city. The sun, now fast descending behind the hills which encircled the city, sent a parting shaft of light full into his face. He stopped and looked long and wistfully until the sun had set and the last ray of light had been withdrawn. So absorbed had he been in his meditations that he had not noticed an elderly man leaning over the roadside fence quietly watching him. He started like one suddenly aroused from sleep, as he heard a voice near him.

"Well, my lad," said the elderly man, "you've had a good long look at the town, but I think you'll want to look the other way once you get there. A fine view, isn't it? That's old Thunderhead beyond there, where you just saw the sun set, and that stream in the valley I call the 'Laughing Water,' just as the Indians did; but down in the city they call it 'The Smudge,' and I don't wonder at it, for it's black and dirty down there, and it is hidden under brick arches. Have you come far? I guess you have, to judge from your looks; but you mustn't go further to-night, my boy; it's a good ten miles to Haverport, and every mile is a hard one. You had better spend the night in the cottage; you'll be welcome there."—pointing, as he spoke, to a small white cottage close at hand, half hidden in the trees. "And maybe you'll cheer the old man up, for I'm kind of lonesome. There's only old Chrystie now, and she's deaf. Maybe I can help you with a word, for once I started for the city, as I judge you be doing now."

The young traveler was quiet, looking from the speaker to the cottage nearby, then, moved by the friendliness of the old man, he decided to accept his hospitality.

"Thank you, sir," he replied, "I will gladly accept your kindness and stay here to-night, for I am very tired, and feel as if I could not drag myself another mile."

With surprising agility for one of his years, the old man vaulted the fence and he grasped the young man cordially by the hand, leading the way to the cottage.

"You may think it strange," the old man continued, "that I ask you to stay with me, but the city is no place for a lad like you to enter at night, and no boy passes my door if I know it until the gospel of peace is offered to him."

Wondering what the strange old man meant, they reached the cottage, which, upon closer view, the stranger saw was a low four-roomed building of stone, evidently of great age. A box-bordered gravel walk led from the highway to the house, about a hundred yards distant. Two sentinel pines of great height overshadowed the humble roof. As the young man crossed the threshold and entered the cool quiet of the hall, its sweet home-smell, recalling his own home, now so far distant, he felt homesick.

Chrystie, the housekeeper, bent with age and labor, came grumbling to meet them, and with scant courtesy at sight of the stranger, she bade them come to supper.

"Never mind her, never mind her, my boy," said the old man; "Chrystie's all right. She's got a sharp tongue, but her heart is warm, her heart is warm. Not a day this thirty years but she's had my supper for me hot and tasty."

After supper the old man, drawing his chair before the fire in the large hearth, invited his companion to share his soliloquy, for such it was, as he seemed to forget he was not alone, and sat talking in low tones to himself.

"Yes, once I had a boy," he mused, "just like him. He was tall and stout, and he went down that very road just as he is about to go; but"—and the old man's voice shook, and he looked away—"he came back only to die. So I always like to speak to the young men as they pass along the road, and have them stay a night, if they will, for I am all alone and lonely. My boy," addressing his companion, "forgive an old man for preaching, but I know something of the temptations down there. Let me ask you, have you prepared yourself to meet and conquer those temptations? If not, you will fail."

The young man did not reply, but dropped his head. "Then," said the old man, "let us ask that you have that preparation even now." And before he knew it the young man found himself kneeling beside the old man as the latter pleaded with the Almighty to watch over him and keep him.

Early the next morning the young man resumed his journey. His host accompanied him to the gate; then, lingering a moment, he called him back and said: "If you ever need a friend when that black city casts you out, do not fail to come to me."

Jim Travers had never forgotten that night spent in the cottage; never had he forgotten the kind words that bade him go deeper, but also, he had forgotten to obey the loving counsel, and so he wandered to the dock, which for many years he had been steadily approaching. Slowly, suffering some pain in his head, he raised himself up, put his hand to his face and withdrew it, to find that it was covered with blood. Mumbling, he staggered to his feet. "It won't be found on me, it won't be found on me," echoed the night wind. Was that an echo—an angel's whisper? "Fumble away, Jim," he said, and looking more slowly now, continued: "That's the stuff you sold yourself for, and now you won't take the price. For two days you've skulked in the lumber yards, afraid to be seen, and now—Oh, God,

where am I? Where was I going—the river here? But the sunset—the boy—the cottage—the goodly old man preying before the hearth—it was himself—it was a vision. He almost heard the old man speaking: "If ever the black city casts you out, do not fail to come to me."

A sudden resolve came to him. He was steady on his feet now. Swiftly and eagerly he rushed forward, avoiding barrels and lumber in the darkness, as a somnambulist escapes danger. He saw only a little white cottage, an old man sitting by the hearth; he heard only a kind voice say, "Come to me, come to me!"

His face was towards the hills now, but his back to the river. Swiftly he passed through the silent, dreary street, and gained the open country. His weariness forgotten, he summoned all his strength for a final struggle. Mile after mile, splashing through the mud and wet, he struggled on. The moon, breaking through the flying clouds, shone on the strange figure, as peeping cottage and farm-house, he drew near his desired haven. At last, at daybreak, covered with mud, gasping, weak from the loss of blood, reeling from fatigue, he reached the cottage. Yes, it was the same, but was the old man alive? What a fool he was! He must have been dead years ago, and he himself was a refugee from justice, a half-crazy thief. He left the road and walked up the pathway to the door, but now outraged nature refused to grant another effort, and falling heavily forward, the brave stranger for a second time fell unconscious.

But when he awoke again it was to find himself in a snowy bed, the bright sunlight streaming through the casement, the drooping of the bees in the eaves, and the distant murmur of the "laughing water" soothing him. He put his hand to his head and found that his wound had been washed and neatly bandaged. Then the door of the room was opened and an aged man slowly entered bearing a tray. The sufferer knew him at once; it was his old friend. Age had dealt kindly with him, and his eighty years rested lightly on that vigorous frame.

"Now lie down, lie down," he said, as Jim tried to rise. "Take this broth slowly, and never mind about asking questions till you be well and strong." It was two weeks later when Jim Travers and the old man were watching the sun set over Thunderhead. Peace reigned then, and peace reigned in one heart long a stranger to its sweet presence. The old man held the wanderer's hand.

"You made a mistake in fleeing from the man you robbed," he said. "Flee now to him; it is your only hope. Never mind what you have spent; give him what is left. Tell him everything; work and pay it all back, and take this also; it will help, and maybe will remember that you owe it to me, and I will trust you." A week later the young man had again started for the city. GATTONSIDE.

Lackawanna Excursion Rates.

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On account of the above the Lackawanna Railroad will sell tickets from all stations in New Jersey at the rate of \$74.50 for the round trip, or \$33 higher routed via Los Angeles or San Francisco. Return limit three months.

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